If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As *I* am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the course, and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian conjures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallowe vp this good kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
La. Villame, thou knowst no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But *I* know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispare *I* should accuse my selfe.
La. and by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didest vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that *I* slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest, Queene Margret saw
Thy bloodly faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.
Glo. *I* was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* *I* grant yee.

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